The Magical Horrible Funhouse Mirror that Made Everybody Horny
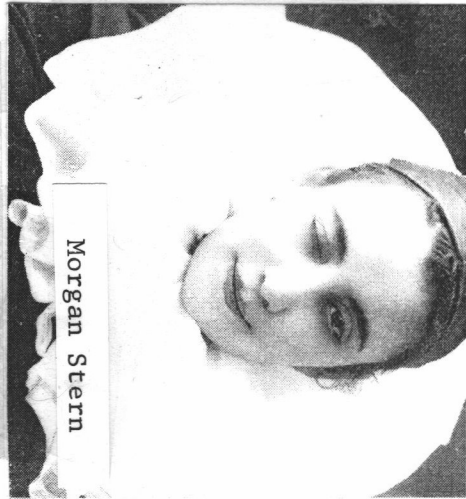
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1.

My friend, who would "rather [her] name be kept out of things," is an AI architect. She responded to my suggestion of a couple issues ago of **A.I.Q.**, a simple up-down multiple-subjectively distributed-over-userdom intelligence metric[sic]:

"They [LLMs] are just a funhouse mirror."

Yes. And that gets to the heart of it. I say:

So are you.

N.B. This issue is a follow-up to #59.

2.

We're at the carnival.
The funhouse gets one visitor, who takes one look in one oddball mirror, and finds one distorted self. "Do I look kissable today?" cannot be answered because the mirror gives not information but deception.

Visitor #2 walks in. Walks out. Talks to V#1. Says,
"How'd you like mirror?"
"Made me look thin," the reply.
"Nicely thin," the agreement.
Then the smile. They come closer. Confidence grows.
"Have a corndog?"
"Like an elephant ear?"
Jinx. It's a match.

3.

Then a third arrives.
The romantic arrangement becomes more interesting and perhaps more difficult to schedule. But the sexual confidence remains, and the statistical confidence increases. A lot. By asking I'll prove it. By asking you to put down money.
Bet $50 on what Visitor #4 will say. "Thin," like the first three," you assent.
We've got statistical significance. Easy jump from here to judge overall concavity or convexitude.
It's just a mirror. But we know now what kind.

4.

Now let's make out on the Ferris wheel and get a panoramic view of it all. The lesson is that many eyes together can, subjectively, determine the qualities of a purely reflective surface. More eyes, more objectively. We've made a cipher into a measurable.

We could ask increasingly specific questions of the mirror. Does it pinch your waist? Does it spread your cake? But specification and variety isn't what we want. We're seeking fidelity: is a given mirror a funhouse mirror?

5.

"Horny mirror or good mirror?" Surprisingly, this question is directly relevant to the development of AI. It's the carnival version of AI's sycophancy problem: rampant machine yes-manning. Sycophancy bores. You leave the mirror. You're on the tilty-wheel with your funhouse sweetheart. Sorry, sweethearts, plural. Then you nest, nontraditionally. A polycule in a warm geodesic dome. Nothing nuclear here. You don't say mommy or daddy: the child invents words that fit better.

6.

One of your spouses is aging beautifully. Impeccably. They're aging, comes the icepick realization, not at all.

It's your first anniversary dinner with only two plates. The others have died. Final course: candied apple, to remember—and the sheen going waxy. Go on, bite.

"Remember how we made each other feel sexy?" you ask.

"We made things together," as retort.

"You told me you were..." you can't finish. They complete.

"A model."